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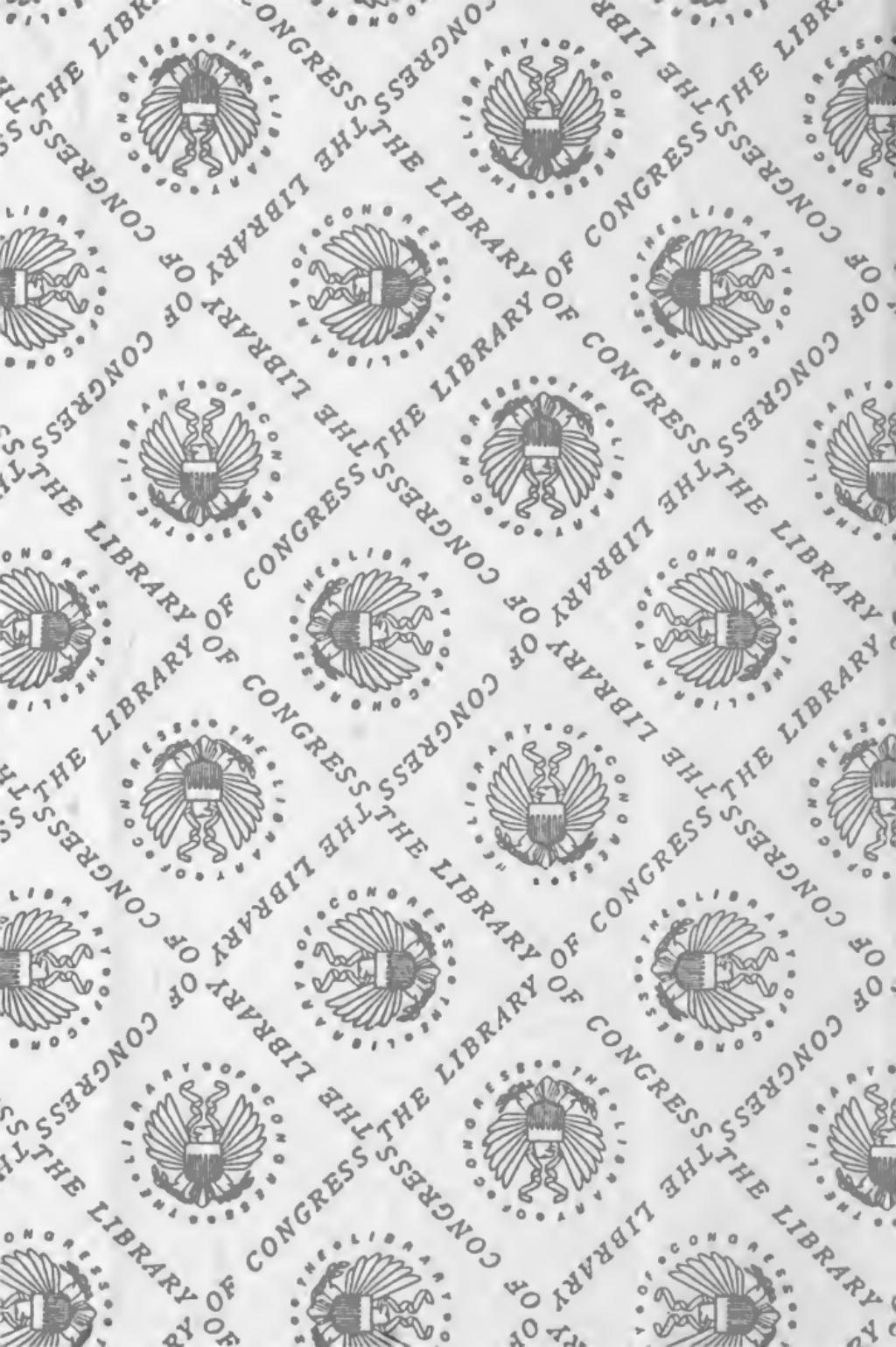
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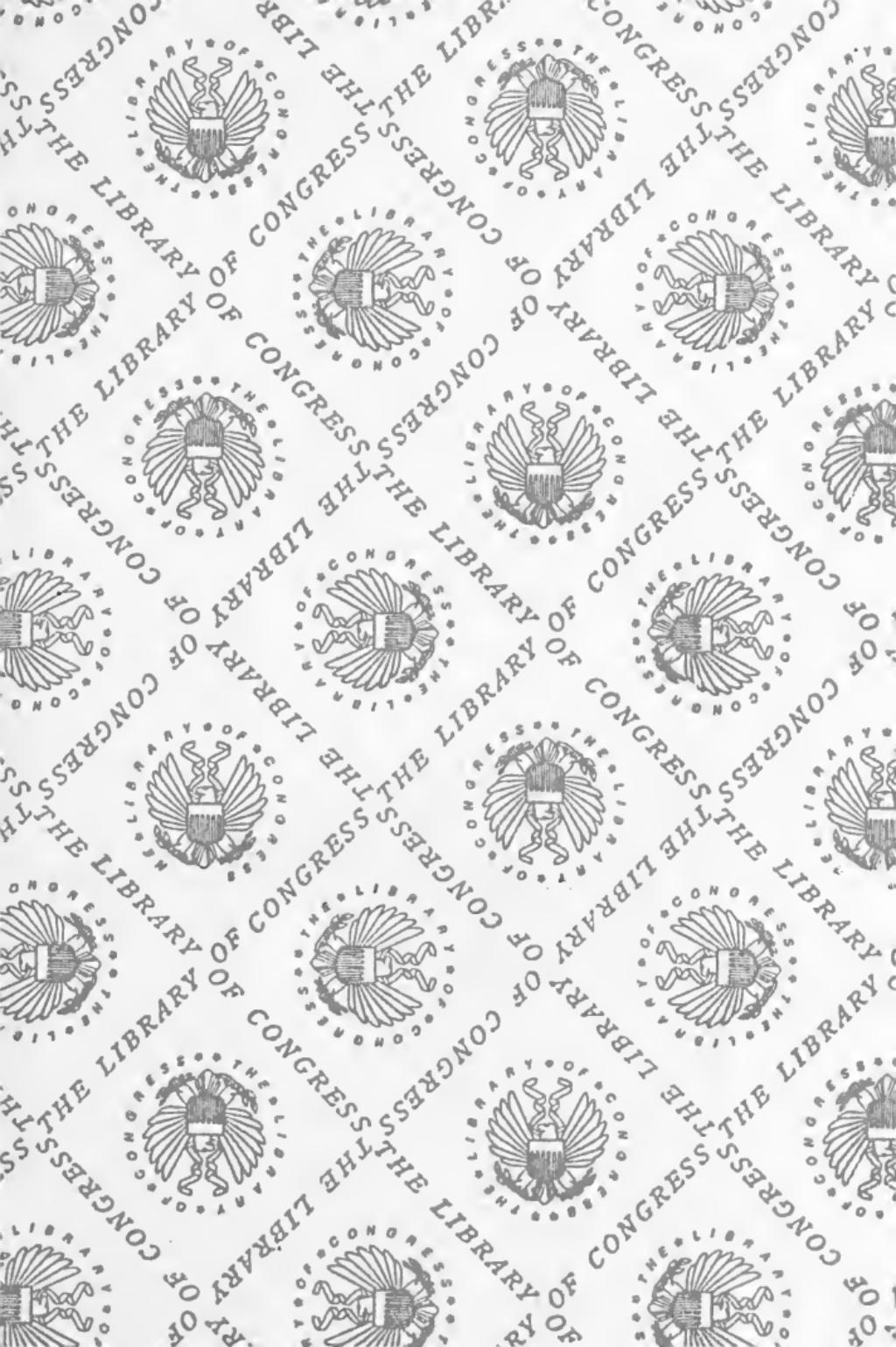
1896

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HE time is coming when Eugene
Field will be gossiped about as
is Charles Lamb

—George W. Cable





EUGENE
FIELD

An Auto-Analysis



Chicago: A. D. Eighteen
Hundred and Ninety-Six

6

PS1668
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1896

16226

OF THIS EDITION BUT THREE HUNDRED
AND FIFTY COPIES WERE PRINTED FROM
TYPE. EACH COPY IS NUMBERED, AND THIS
BOOK IS NUMBER

215.



INTRODUCTION





S EUGENE FIELD rose in literary importance he was so importuned by people for autographs, sentiments, verses of his poems, for the poems themselves, for scraps of information of whatever nature concerning himself, that in 1894 he had printed a four-page pamphlet setting forth most of the facts of his career up to date.

This curious but most interesting document also gave a truthful and vivid description of his personal appearance, his tastes and distastes and tells, too, of his favorite authors and composers, actor and actress; his dislike of politics



and his hatred for war and opposition to capital punishment; his fear to indulge himself from pecuniary considerations, in a growing taste for sculpture and painting, and, curious statement, for Field was rhythmic to his finger tips, his limited love of music.

He analyses his feeling for children, a most interesting proceeding from one who has written such beautiful love songs of childhood, and tells us that they interested him only so far as he found he could make pets of them—the fact being that nobody's babes interested him, naturally, so much as his own, with a goodly number of which Dame Nature and Mrs. Field had not failed to supply him.





E would have the privilege of franchise extended to all women and recalls with pride that in nearly a quarter of a century he had written in reverential praise of womankind.

He gives us a chronological list of his publications which is incorrect in the particular that it omits the name of the book issued in 1891—*Echoes from the Sabine Farm*—which issue antedated the McClurg publication nearly two years.

Though written with a smile, this auto-analysis of Field's comes strikingly near the truth.



Confessedly careless in dress — matters of the mind and heart being of greater importance to him — Field was rather methodical than otherwise in all other relations of life.

He had a just appreciation of the letters and of bits of manuscript material of people who were eminent or who were likely to arrive at distinction in the world, and he constantly impressed upon friends and acquaintances the importance of preserving all such data.

I never saw him but he would question me as to any interview or association I had with Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Sir Henry Irving, Joseph Jefferson, W. H. Crane, Stuart Robson, or any



fellow-player who had attained celebrity and would be most solicitous as to whether I had written down my remembrances and impressions of the men and the occasions.

He thought it little less than criminal to neglect an opportunity to record what might ultimately prove of exceeding interest.

Out of this feeling came the Auto-Analysis. It was no unusual vanity that prompted Field to write it. Mr. Joseph Jefferson once said to me that all clever men knew they were clever. Vanity did not consist in knowing one's cleverness but in parading it.





O FIELD felt. He knew that if the world took an interest in him, and it unquestionably did, it would want facts concerning him and he determined the world should receive them at first hand—from himself.

This, as I believe, was the real reason he issued the Auto-Analysis and, beside exemplifying Field's forethought and methodicalness, it served his stated purpose to "give these facts, confessions and observations for the information of those who, for one reason or another, are constantly applying to me for biographical data concerning myself."



Of Field's first publication, *The Tribune Primer*, Denver, 1882, he has written on the fly leaf of one of the books, that the whole number printed did not exceed fifty. It is the rarest of his publications. I can see the smile in his eye and the smirk on his lip as he wrote with respect to the book that it was "Very, very scarce."

The *Model Primer* which was printed by Tredwell of Brooklyn and cleverly illustrated by Hoppin, is also much sought for by collectors and commands a good price.

It was something of an annoyance to Field that neither this nor his subsequent publication, *Culture's Garland*, ever yielded satisfactory monetary returns.





HERE were also six uncut issues of Culture's Garland. In his own copy he, in verse humorously deplores having written the book. It is composed of Field's newspaper articles of a satirical and humorous character. Julian Hawthorne wrote the introduction.

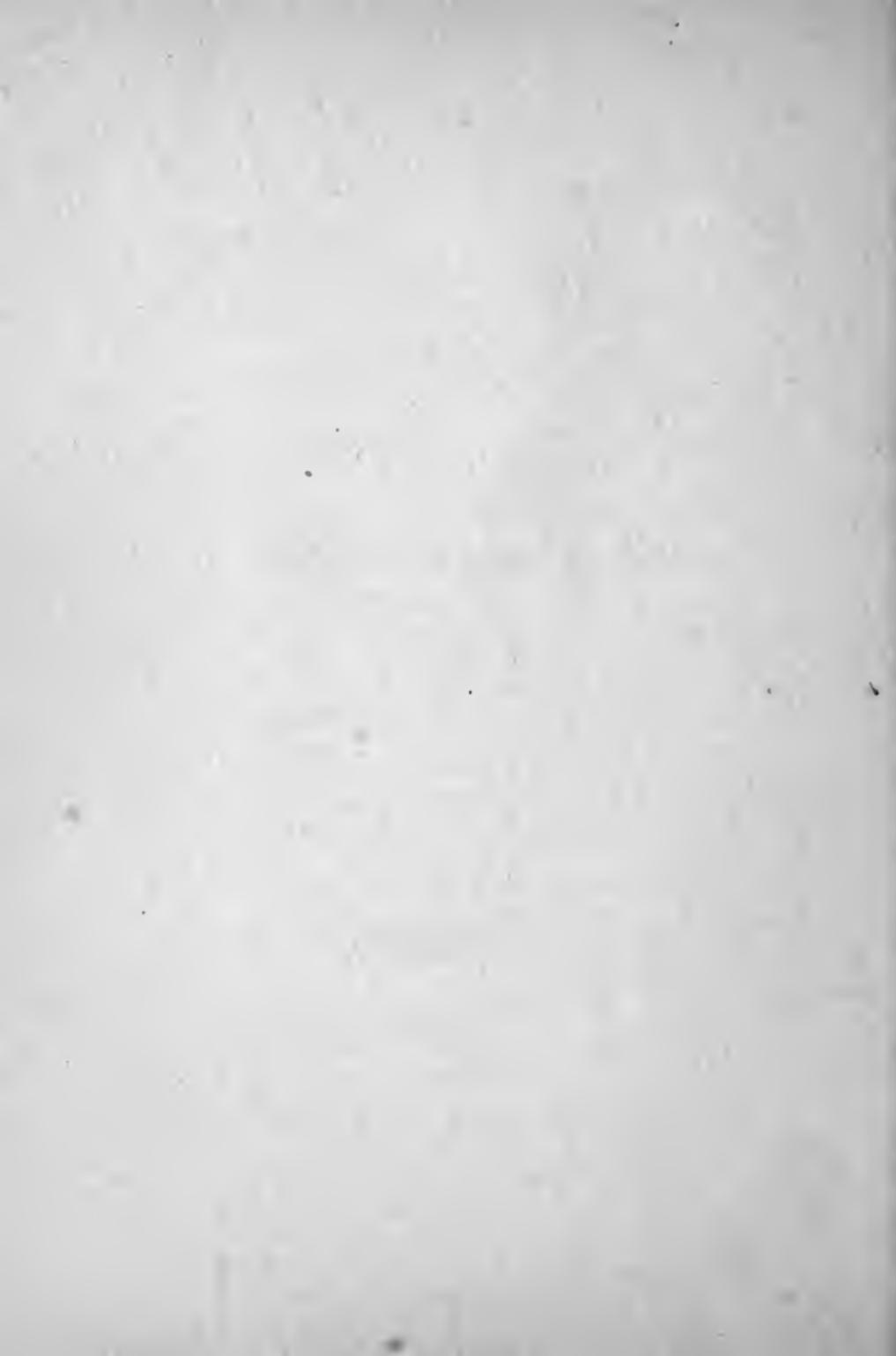
The Echoes from the Sabine Farm was first privately printed by the writer of these lines in 1891. One hundred copies only were made—thirty on Japan and seventy on hand-made paper. The initials were illuminated throughout and there was a vignette head-piece to each poem. E. H. Garrett



did the drawing, and W. H. W. Bicknell the etched title page. For each of the Japan paper copies Eugene Field and his brother Roswell M. Field wrote autograph poems.

Field often promised his friend, Frank M. Morris, that he would write an introduction to this Auto-Analysis, and that Morris should publish the whole matter, not so much as an evidence of regard as a manifestation of good faith on Field's part. But, along with his proposed Life of Horace which never fructified, went his intentions with regard not only to the Introduction but a host of other projects of a literary nature never alas to see the light !

FRANCIS WILSON.



EUGENE FIELD





WAS born in St. Louis, Missouri, September 3rd, 1850, the second, and oldest surviving, son of Roswell Martin and Frances (Reed) Field, both natives of Windham County, Vermont.

Upon the death of my mother (1856) I was put in the care of my (paternal) cousin, Miss Mary Field French, at Amherst, Massachusetts.

In 1865, I entered the Private School of Rev. James Tufts,



Monson, Massachusetts, and there
fitted for Williams College,
which institution I en-
tered as a freshman
in 1868.







ON my father's death, in 1869, I entered the sophomore class of Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois, my guardian, John W. Burgess, now of Columbia College, being then a professor in that institution.

But in 1870 I went to Columbia, Missouri, and entered the State University there, and completed my junior year with my brother.

In 1872, I visited Europe, spending six months and my patrimony in France, Italy, Ireland and England.

In May, 1873, I became a reporter on the *St Louis Evening Journal*.



In October of that year I married Miss Julia Sutherland Comstock (born in Chenango County, New York) of St. Joseph, Missouri, at that time a girl of sixteen.

We have had eight children—three daughters and five sons.







Y newspaper connections have been as follows: 1875-76, city editor of the St. Joseph, Missouri, Gazette; 1876-80, editorial writer on the St. Louis Journal and St. Louis Times-Journal; 1880-81, managing editor of the Kansas City Times; 1881-83, managing editor of the Denver Tribune.

Since 1883 I have been a contributor to the Chicago Record (formerly Morning News).

I wrote and published my first bit of verse in 1879; it was entitled "Christmas Treasures" (see Little Book of Western Verse). Just ten



years later I began suddenly to write verse very frequently; meanwhile (1883-89), I had labored diligently at writing short stories and tales.

Most of these I revised half a dozen times. One (The Were-Wolf), as yet unpublished, I have re-written eight times during the last eight years.







Y publications have been chronologically, as follows:

1. The Tribune Primer; Denver, 1882. (Out of print,

very scarce). (The Model Primer; illustrated by Hoppin; Tredway, Brooklyn, 1882. A Pirate edition.)

2. Culture's Garland; Ticknor, Boston, 1887. (Out of print.)

A Little Book of Western Verse; Chicago, 1892. (Large paper, privately printed and limited.)

A Little Book of Profitable Tales, Chicago, 1889. (Large paper, privately printed and limited.)

3. A Little Book of Western Verse; Scribners, New York, 1890.





LITTLE Book of
Profitable Tales;
Scribners, New
York, 1890.

5. With Trumpet
and Drum; Scrib-
ners, New York, 1892.

6. Second Book of Verse; Scrib-
ners, New York, 1893.

7. Echoes from The Sabine
Farm. Translations of Horace;
McClurg, Chicago, 1893. (In col-
laboration with my brother, Ros-
well Martin Field.)

8. Introduction to Stone's First
Editions of American Authors;
Cambridge, 1893.

9. The Holy Cross and other
Tales; Stone and Kimball; Cam-
bridge, 1893.



Ill health compelled me to visit Europe in 1889; there I remained fourteen months, that time being divided between England, Germany, Holland and Belgium.







Y residence at present is in Buena Park, a north shore suburb of Chicago.

I have a miscellaneous collection of books numbering 3,500, and I am fond of the quaint and curious in every line.

I am very fond of dogs, birds and all small pets—a passion not approved of by my wife.

My favorite flower is the carnation, and I adore dolls.

My favorite hymn is “Bounding Billows.”

My favorites in fiction are Hawthorne’s “Scarlet Letter,” “Don Quixote” and “Pilgrim’s Progress.”





GREATLY love
Hans Christian
Andersen's Tales,
and I am deeply in-
terested in folk-
lore and fairy tales.

I believe in ghosts, in witches and
in fairies.

I should like to own a big as-
tronomical telescope, and a 24-tune
music box.

My heroes in history are Martin
Luther, Mme. Lamballe, Abraham
Lincoln; my favorite poems are
Korner's "Battle Prayer," Words-
worth's "We are Seven," Newman's
"Lead, Kindly Light," Luther's
Hymn, Schiller's "The Diver," Hor-
ace's "Fons Bandusiae," and Burns'
"Cottar's Saturday Night.





DISLIKE Dante and Byron. I should like to have known Jeremiah the prophet, old man Poggio, Horace, Walter Scott, Bonaparte, Hawthorne, Mme. Sontag, Sir John Herschel, Hans Andersen.

My favorite actor is Henry Irving; actress, Mme. Modjeska.

I dislike "Politics" so called.

I should like to have the privilege of voting extended to women.

I am unalterably opposed to capital punishment.

I favor a system of pensions for noble services in literature, art, science, etc. I approve of compulsory education.





F I had my way, I should make the abuse of horses, dogs and cattle a penal offense; I should abolish all dog-laws and dog-catchers, and I would punish severely everybody who caught and caged birds.

I dislike all exercise and I play all games very indifferently.

I love to read in bed.

I believe in churches and schools; I hate wars, armies, soldiers, guns and fireworks.

I like music (limited).

I have been a great theatre-goer.

I enjoy the society of doctors and clergymen.





Y favorite color is red.

I do not care particularly for sculpture or for paintings; I try not to become interested in them, for the reason that if I were to cultivate a taste for them I should presently become hopelessly bankrupt.

I am extravagantly fond of perfumes.

I am a poor diner, and I drink no wine or spirits of any kind; I do not smoke tobacco.

I dislike crowds and I abominate functions.

I am six feet in height; am of spare build, weigh 160 pounds and have shocking taste in dress.



But I like to have well-dressed
people about me.

My eyes are blue, my complexion
pale, my face is shaven and I in-
cline to baldness.

It is only when I look and see how
young and fair and sweet my
wife is that I have a
good opinion of
myself.







AM fond of the companionship of women, and I have no unconquerable prejudice against feminine beauty. I recall with pride that in twenty-two years of active journalism, I have always written in reverential praise of womankind.

I favor early marriage.

I do not love all children.

I have tried to analyze my feelings towards children, and I think I discover that I love them in so far as I can make pets of them.

I believe that, if I live, I shall do my best literary work when I am a grandfather.



I give these facts, confessions and
observations for the information
of those who, for one reason
or another, are applying
constantly to me for
biographical data
concerning
myself.





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